NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

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IAGO. AN ANALYSIS.

[When Hamlet said "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense" he remarked a Truth not always recognized, but of unfailing application. In everything, verily, our natures become subdued to what they work in, like the dyer's hand. Notably it is that, in the work of the Scholar and the Student in Shakespeare preserves, we are apt to become pundits and pene-pundits. We are over-tempted to become so suffused with our own rapture over the sublimated Text in which we delve: that, at every step—in our eagerness to express what we find that we underestimate the comprehension of others—we are over-nice and over-punctilious, we explain too much; read ourselves into the Text. We interpose barnacles of supererogatory comment. We are in danger of becoming almost if not altogether what the Philistines even call—Bores.

But the hand of little employment hath still the dantier sense. And not only with the dantier sense, he is not seldom inspired with a gift of finding (and of expressing what he finds), that which the habituated commentator has missed. The following Aanalysis of the character of Iago was written by a young man, a student in the University of Wisconsin, to whom, in his eighteenth year of age, a copy of Shakespeare had first come. That young man was afterward the present Senator from Wisconsin, the Hon. Robert M. LaFollette, and it is here reprinted, with his courteous permission.—EDITORS NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.]

Shakespeare's *Iago* personifies two constituents of mind: intellect and will. These alone are the springs of his action, the source of his will power. What he lacks in emotion he has gained in intellectual acuteness, but the result is deformity. The character is not unnatural; it is fiendishly natural. His reasoning power is abnormally developed; but he has no feeling, no sympathy, no affection, no fear. His is the cold passion of intellect whose icy touch chills the warm life in all it reaches. He is an intellectual athlete,

and is unceasing in his mental gymnastics. His contempt for all good is supreme; his greatest crime is his greatest pleasure, and his own hypocrisy gladdens and intoxicates him. Whatever is most mean, whatever is most hard, whatever is vilely atrocious and dangerously difficult he seizes with greedy glee. Sceptical of all virtue, to him love is lechery, truth telling stupid goodness, end lying a daring to be ingenious.

The emotions are the native soil of moral life. From the feelings are grown great ethical truths one by one, forming at last the grand body of moral law. But *Iago* is emotionally a cipher, and his poverty of sentiment and wealth of intellect render him doubly dangerous. Here we have the key to his character, he is possessed of an inflexible will, of an intellect pungent, subtle, supersensual. He not only knows more than he feels; he knows everything, feels nothing.

The other characters of the tragedy of "Othello," a tragedy which Macaulay pronounced Shakespeare's greatest, are but puppets, moving at the will of this master. He reads them at a glance, by a flash of instinct. He wastes no words on *Roderigo* other than to make the "fool his purse." But upon *Othello* he plays with most subtlety and infinitely greater zest. Upon him he exercises his crafty ingenuity; and the "double knavery," the "how? how?" whets him keen. Now flashes forth the invisible lightning of his malignant mind, and woe to all virtue within its reach. Now we see his character in all its artful cunning, all its devilish cruelty. With what marvellous skill he makes his first attack! He does nothing in the common way. His methods have the merit of originality. He does not assail *Desdemona's* virtue with a well conned story, but is seemingly surprised into an exclamation, appearing to utter his suspicions by the merest accident. And when he has engaged *Othello's* ear note his matchless cunning; he comes and goes, and comes and goes again, with his ingenious innuendoes; changing like the chameleon, quick to take his cue from the Moor, yet craftily giving direction to the other's thoughts; cursing *Cassio* with his protestations of love and damning *Desdemona* while joining in a benediction to her honesty. The "constant, loving, noble nature" of the Moor changes quickly under the "almost superhuman art" of *Iago;* but too well he knows the human mind to gorge it with suspicion, and with every dose of poison gives just a little antidote. With pious self-accusation he says, "'Tis my nature's plague to spy into abuses," and "oft my jealousy shapes faults that are not," but carefully adds: "It were not for your quiet nor your good to let you know my thoughts," and is equally careful to tell them, smothering with one hand all

suspicion of his perfidy and kindling with the other the consuming fires of the Moor's jealousy.

Iago's manner of practising on *Othello* is only matched by the means he employs. Like the genuine devil, he destroys the entire household, not through some unguarded vice but through its very virtues. He sets all goodness by the ears. The strength of the Moor's affection is made a fatal weakness; and more than this, the very medium of all their misery is she

> Of spirit so still and gentle that her motion
> Blushed at herself.

Iago and *Desdemona!* Strange, unspeakable union of opposites! Weird harmony of discords! Sombre mingling of a smile and a sneer! O the poet whose genius could compound these elements without an explosion! O this "unequal contrast between the powers of grossness and purity!" That *Desdemona,* whose childlike nature is a divine fusion of innocence and chastity, should be played off against a moral outlaw, a being whose livery is "heavenly shows" and whose logic is the "divinity of hell," is a juxtaposition appalling, fascinating! 'Tis Dina in the talons of a harpy. That virtue should be "turned into pitch," that "out of goodness" should be made the "net to enmesh them all," that innocence should become the instrument of the infernal is a "moral antithesis" that precludes the oncoming of chaos. And it comes like the quick night and consummates the tragedy, while over all in sullen silence gloats the imp of darkness.

Somewhere Thomas Carlyle has said, "There are depths in man that go to the length of the lowest hell, as there are heights that reach highest heaven;" but *Iago* is a magnet with only one pole, which ever points toward the infernal. Why is it, then, that this character does not disgust us? Why do we follow his intricate windings with such intense interest? Why do we tolerate him? We find the answer in his great intellect. This is the core of his character—abstract intellectuality united to volitional force, devoid of all morality, divorced from all feeling. He is hardly human, yet he sounds humanity like a philosopher. He is wanting in ethical parts, yet he makes the nicest moral distinctions. He is a fraction, yet greater than a unit; a part, yet more than the whole. He is a paradox. In his deep schemes we nearly forget the villain. His triumph over all obstacles pins the attention to his intellectual powers. He is "instinct with thought." This redeems him to us as a subject and yields another explanation for what has been termed his "little trace of conscience." His self-questionings, his subtle sophisms,

his cataclysm of reasons, are not the weak protest of a moral part but the logical outcome of a sleepless intellect. He is emphatically a being of reasons. He will do nothing except he furnish to himself the "why." It is not that he requires these reasons as a "whetstone for his revenge," it is not that his "resolution is too much for his conscience," but rather that he revels in reasons, that his hungry mind will have its food. He "suspects the lusty Moor," and fears *"Cassio* with his nightcap, too," on occasion; not that he dreads to destroy either without some motive, but because his mental constitution demands a reason for all things. Schlegel defines wickedness as "nothing but selfishness designedly unconscientious;" but *Iago* makes no effort to deceive himself, for he says:

> When devils will their blackest sins put on,
> They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
> As I do now.

He does not care to justify himself except as an intellectual satisfaction. He desires no moral vindication. In fact he commits crime merely for crime's sake, and there is no sin that he will not claim as his own. Think of it! A being who clutches at wickedness with all the greed of a miser. Thoroughly passionless, coldly intellectual, he is forced into the self-confession that he is no libertine; yet fearful lest the admission has cost him one hellish trait he quickly adds that he stands "accountant for as great a sin." This is a moral defiance sublimely hideous but hardly reconcilable in a being with even a "little trace of conscience." Were there a single golden thread of moral sense to knit him to the good of humanity it would shine forth when *Desdemona,* whose only offence against him is that she is pure, sinks under his cursed cunning. But it is a quality he feels not, knows not, and what Coleridge calls "the motive hunting of a motiveless malignity;" this constant combing of his wits for reasons is simply a service performed at the mandate of his craving intellect.

These are the premises from which as a conclucion we deduce *Iago,* a character without a conscience.

Mark the "steep inequality" between him and *Richard III.:* The Duke of Gloster, born with teeth, a twisted body and a majestic mind, cut his way through those of his own flesh to a throne. Malignant and artful, hypocritical and heartless, he "seems a saint when most he plays the devil." Monster, he stands apart from men; he is "like himself alone," and he stalks along his bloody course a solitary creation. Brave, he has the audacity to

defy destiny, the impudent confidence to enter the lists against the Unknown. But hidden away somewhere in his black soul is a germ of conscience, disguised as superstitious fear, a germ of conscience which starts forth when that towering will is off guard; coming in the thin substance of a dream, yet so terrible that the remorseful "drops hang on his trembling flesh." Here is his humanity, his mortal weakness; and through this the "all-powerful and ever watchful Nemesis" hurls her lance, barbed to the shaft with retribution. Pursued by croaking phantoms, scourged by the invisible lash of violated conscience, he flings himself into the conflict, and with a royal flourish, in perfect keeping with his character, closes the tragedy. His death satisfies the equation of right.

Richard and *Iago* possess some qualities in common; both have mighty intellects; both are wily, cunning, crafty; both dissimulers; both actors. But further than this they are profoundly unlike. *Richard III.* is more humanly terrible; *Iago* more devilishly perfect. *Richard* loves nothing human; *Iago* hates everything good. *Richard* is arrogant, passionate, powerful, violent; *Iago* egotistical cold, cynical, sly. *Richard* is fire; *Iago,* ice. *Richard III.* is more objective; *Iago,* more subjective. *Richard* would pulverize the universe; *Iago* would like to reverse the order of things. In point of satanical finish *Iago* is *Richard* and more. *Richard III.* murders many and sweats with horror; *Iago,* few and forgets remorse. *Richard III.* mounts the throne of England on a score of dead bodies; *Iago* wins the throne of hell in three strides. The conscience of *Richard* wakes from its throne; *Iago* has no conscience. *Richard III.* is a monstrosity; *Iago,* a psychological contradiction.

We offer *Iago* then as Shakespeare's conception of the "Evil Principle." And how perfect the creation! In the whole course of his crime he betrays never a weakness, never a check of conscience, nothing to mar the elegant symmetry of his fiendishness. From the time that he lays down the postulate that "I am not what I am" till he attains his infernal majority he is the same refined, pitiless, sarcastic devil. He is often surprised, but he is never disconcerted. He plans, but it is because he likes the mental exercise. It has been said that deep rogues take all their villainy a priori; that they do not construct plans in anticipation. *Iago's* carefully perfected schemes would seem to rebuke this philosophy were it not that they appear rather meat for his mind than directions for his diabolisms. Indeed it is in those unpremised scenes where the occasion fails to fit his plans, where all the odds are arrayed against him, that he achieves the greatest triumph. This is nothing short of Stygian skill, and it is just there that he attains the dignity of a devil.

That dignity would have been sacrificed in his death. By all the principles of dramatic tragedy *Othello* is his fit executioner. Significant fact! We are only promised that his "punishment shall torment him much and hold him long." This is to appease the moral demand, and in its vagueness the poet seeks to avoid a decline in tragic intensity. This we offer as the ethical and æsthetical reason for the indefiniteness thrown about *Iago's* fate by the dramatist. He had pushed his creation to the verge of the finite; punishment was demanded, none could be devised which would requite him.

The full course of tragedy, the mighty evolution of its events, must yield an apt sequence, a sublime completeness, else it fails in its aim. Schiller says, "Life is great only as a means of accomplishing the moral law, and nothing is sublimer than a criminal yielding his life because of the morality he has violated." With the single exception of *Iago,* Shakespeare has availed himself of this principle. The Thane of Cawdor tops all his murderers with his own head; *Lady Macbeth* bleaches in death the "damned spot" from her unclean hand; *Richard III.* seals with his own blood on Bosworth field the sublime in his career, but *Iago* is just beyond the reach of death, and we can fancy him disappearing in the darkness of which he is a part.

There are two fitnesses in a villain's death, the moral fitness and the tragic fitness. The one, the ethical satisfaction at the inevitable recoil of the broken moral law; the other, the grandeur of a finale. To condense into one moment the whole of life, to put a fiat on existence, to engulf a soul in the awful immensity of its own acts, this is sublime; but to have conceived and brought forth a being so superphysical, so positively devilish, so intensely infernal that his death would be bathos, this is genius.

And this *Iago.* The polished, affable attendant, the boon companion, the supple sophist, the nimble logician, the philosopher, the moralist, the scoffing demon, the goblin whose smile is a stab and whose laugh is an infernal sneer, who has sworn eternal vengeance on virtue everywhere, who would turn cosmos into chaos. This compound of wickedness and reason, this incarnation of intellect, this tartarean basilisk is the logical conclusion in a syllogism whose premises are "Hell and Night." He is a criminal climax; endow him with a single supernatural quality and he stands among the devils of fiction supreme.

ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE.

SHAKESPEARE AND "THE TEMPEST" AT WHITEHALL.

It is a remarkable thing, and one which ought to encourage the exact and scientific, as opposed to the sublimated and esthetic, criticism of Shakespeare matters that the recent discovery of the authenticity of Peter Cunningham's "Accounts of The Revels" (as stated on page 93 of the August-October issue of this Quarterly) vindicates not only its discovery, but one of its most disputed entries and at the same time, and the judgment and acumen of the commentator of the last century, arrived at by external evidences alone, thereon the judgment of Edmund Malone.

It will be remembered that the entries concerning the Tempest were as follows:

The Chardges of those times, viz.: Betwine the last of October, 1611, Anno Reg. Regis Jacobi Nono untill the first of Novembar, 1612. . . . and on page 3 is the heading:—

The names of the Playes And by what cumpaney played them hearafter followethe . . . presented before the Kinge's Matie.

the first item in the list being:—

By the King's Players: *Hallowmas* Nyght was presented att Whitall before ye Kinges Matie a play called *The Tempest.*

The accuracy of this information is confirmed by an entry in the accounts of the "Treasurer of the Chamber" of a payment made to Shakespeare's fellow-actors for a play on this very night (Audit Office. Declared Accounts. Bundle 389. Roll 49):—

To John Hemynges for himselfe and his fellowes the Kinges Mates Servauntes and Players upon the Councells warrant at Whitehall primo Junii, 1612, for presenting VI severall Playes before his Maty, viz. one upon the laste of October, one upon the first of November [*The Tempest*] one on the Vth of November [*The Winter's Tale*], one on the 26th of Decr. . . . at twenty nobles for every play [£6 13s. 4d.] and five markes [£3 6s. 8d.] for a reward for every play.—LX. li.

Here then we have conclusively established for us the exact date and place of production before King James and his Court of that ever-delightful and most poetic of plays—in Shakespeare's presence, as we may assume, and even under his personal superintendence.

So interesting an occasion seems to warrant an attempt at reconstructing, as far as is possible with the fragmentary matter that remains to us, the scene and circumstances of that "first-night," when the creator of the en-

chanted island and its inhabitants held "spell-stopt" for "at least two glasses," by the magic of his imagination "the King and's followers."

It is interesting to discover, if we can, in what chamber of the palace at Whitehall the Play of Shakespeare was presented. It happens that original documents in the Record Office, some of them apparently never searched through before, still less transcribed or published, provide us with what we seek. Among the accounts already cited is to be found this entry:—

To James Maxwell, gentleman usher daylie wayter to his Maty for th'allowaunce of himselfe, one yeoman usher, three yeomen, two groomes of the chamber, two groomes of the warderobe, and one groome porter for making ready the Banquetting House there [at Whitehall] three several tymes for playes VI daies . . . mense Octobr et Novembr, 1611.

Now "the Banqueting House" here referred to was the one built by order of King James in 1606-7, but burnt down some ten years afterwards. References to it among the "Works and Buildings" accounts prove that it stood on the site of the famous building whence Charles I. stepped forth to the scaffold. This earlier Banqueting House, though inferior in architecture to its successor, was yet a fine building, reared expressly for the exhibition of masques and shows, with galleries and tiers of seats, and in every way suitable for the presentation of such a play as The Tempest, with its continuous spectacular effects. For the stage was very large—a good deal larger than those of the public theatres—and it seems to have had sides of solid partitions and something of a proscenium also; and being thus, unlike the open-air theatres, detached from the audience, which sat entirely in front of it, it must have afforded full scope for scenic illusion and the presentment of "tableaux" on a scale and in a setting of unprecedented splendour. Then at the disposal of the actors were all the properties, scenery, and dresses of the Revels Office, and all the resources and contrivances invented by Inigo Jones for the Royal Masques.

Not that we are to infer from all this that The Tempest was specially composed for performance, in the first instance, at Court. On the contrary, it seems certain, for many reasons, that none of Shakespeare's later plays were first produced on any other stage than that of one or other of the two theatres owned by his company—"The Globe" or "Blackfriars." Only after a piece had received the stamp of public approval and had undergone the perfecting process of frequent public acting was it presented before the Sovereign. There are many considerations, indeed, rendering it almost certain that it was at the "Blackfriars"—which stood, as is well

known, on the exact site of the present offices of The Times—that The Tempest was first put on the stage, in the spring or early summer of 1611. Little more than a year before this the Burbages, who were the freeholders, had bought out their lessee, "The Master of the Queen's Children of the Revels"—"The Boy Players"—and resumed possession, and "placed" in it, as their descendants phrased it some four-and-twenty years later, "men players, which were Hemynges, Condall, Shakespeare, &c." Glad, indeed, must they all have been to displace the "aery of children, little eyases," who had so long trenched on their profits, and to acquire a house affording fuller scope than "The Globe," for gratifying the growing taste for spectacular display.

For this reason, if for no other, it is exceedingly probable that when Shakespeare wrote The Tempest he did so with the view of its being acted before the higher class of playgoers, who frequented "The Blackfriars"—the first of the closed roofed-in houses called "Private" Theatres, of which the prototypes in structure and general conditions were the Great Halls of Hampton Court and Whitehall. Also, it may be noticed—though this is a mere piece of negative evidence—that Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologist and quack doctor, who described in his note-book performances of four of Shakespeare's plays witnessed by him at "The Globe" in April and May, 1611, makes no mention of The Tempest at all. More convincing however, if not conclusively so, is the statement of Dryden, writing in 1669, in the preface to his own mangled version of the play, that Shakespeare's original composition "had formerly been acted with success at the Black Fryers." It seems probable, therefore, almost to the point of certainty, that it was on the very spot where now stand the offices of The Times that those immortal beings, Prospero and Antonio, Miranda and Ferdinand, Ariel and Caliban, were first introduced to the people of London by their creator, just about six months earlier than they made their appearance at Whitehall before the King and Queen.

Apart from all its matchless qualities as a superb piece of dramatic invention sublimated by poetic imagery, the play doubtless owed much of its immediate success and popularity, not only to the musical and scenic effects with which it was mounted, but also, and perhaps as much, to the topical nature of many of its incidents and allusions—in which were reflected the thoughts and feelings then uppermost in the mind of the public, equally with the Court. For although, as has been already shown, its composition can have had nothing to do with the wooing of the Princess Elizabeth by the Prince Palatine, Royal marriages were in the air. Already suitors

were numerous for the hand of the little Princess, and many alliances were being offered also for the young Prince of Wales. This appears from the despatches of the foreign Ambassadors in England, which are full of the subject, especially in the few weeks previous to the play's being acted at Court. They are likewise full, as are also the private letters of the time, of the wrecking of Sir George Somers's flagship, bound for the plantation of Virginia, on the Bermudas—"the still-vexed Bermoothes." The ideas and phrases adopted by Shakespeare from several of the pamphlets about that event, which appeared in the autumn of 1610, prove that he shared the popular excitement, or at least made use of it for giving a topical flavour to his new play. That he was keenly interested, also, in every particular of the terrible tempest, and in the adventures of the wrecked crew, for ten months castaways on the "Ile of Divils," is likewise proved by his having read, as we know he must, in the original manuscript now in the British Museum, William Strachey's journalistic letter—or "true reportory," as he termed it—written from Virginia on July 15, 1610, to some "excellent lady" in London. For phrase after phrase that occurs in the play is to be found in the "reportory," though it was not printed until 15 years after by Purchase in his "Pilgrimes."

The great interest aroused in London by all this "Newes from Virginia" and "Newes from the Bermudas" can have moved no one more than the young Prince, who, with his imagination already fired by the narratives of maritime adventure and stories of desert island and the mysterious dangers of the Western seas, was himself planning a project for a new expedition to the colony—mentioned by the Venetian Ambassador in a letter to the Doge and Seignory on the very day the play was produced. No one, therefore, was more likely than him to desire to see The Tempest acted; and the Lord Chamberlain would have had this in mind when consulting about a suitable play for Hallowmas Night with the Master of the Revels and Burbage or Shakespeare. Between them, with the assistance of Inigo Jones and his men from the Office of Works, they would have made all the necessary arrangements in the Banqueting House, which, from its large size and regular stage and fittings, was just the sort of theatre required for a spectacular piece like this.

The general theatric conditions of the performance of one of Shakespeare's later plays before the Court have already been fully indicated in previous articles; so that only the particular circumstances of the staging of The Tempest now require to be noticed. Already, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as well as in the earlier years of James I., before the

full influence of the elaborate spectacular Court Masques had made itself felt, the mise-en-scene at the Palace was the very antithesis of that mere platform, entirely bare of any scenery or accessories, and devoid of all mechanism, imagined for us by some critics as the invariable condition under which all Shakespearean representations took place, until the suppression of the theatres in 1642. Disregarding other evidence, how should we otherwise explain the explicit statement of successive Masters of the Revels (Feuillerat, pp. 129, &c.) that among their chief duties was the

ffurnishing, fitting and setting foorthe of sundry Tragedies, Playes, etc., with theier apte howses of paynted canvas and properties incident suche as mighte most lyvely expresse the effect of the histories plaied.

and also the providing of

apt howses made of canvasse fframed ffashioned and paynted accordingly as mighte beste serve theier severall purposes. (*Ibid,* p. 145.)

Can we suppose that among the "painted cloths for the Musick House and stage at Court," specially made and provided by the Master of the Revels in this particular year, were not some that "might most lively express the effect of" The Tempest? Or that the vast collection of such "painted cloths" and "framed canvasses," as were stored in the Office-House of the Revels—including such things as trees, clouds, mountains, woods, forests, caves, rocks, &c.—were not requisitioned, "as they might best serve the purpose" of exhibiting Prospero's enchanted island? When we find that in a play acted before Queen Elizabeth in the Great Hall of Hampton Court "a wilderness" was represented by three dozen forest trees, are we to believe that Shakespeare's The Tempest put on the great stage of the Banqueting House at Whitehall 30 years later was not mounted with an equal regard for realism—with such scenic accessories as the "hard rock" into which Caliban was "deservedly confined," "the lime-grove" that "weather-fended" the cell, and the sterile marge and "yellow sands" of "the never surfeiting sea"?

The truth, indeed, is not so much that there was no scenery as that there was little, if any, change of scene—the various localities of the whole play being all shown simultaneously, so that the utmost adaptation that could be attempted was the occasional drawing of a "painted cloth," illustrative of a different place, in front of such portions of the setting as were not then applicable. In this respect, however, The Tempest—all its action going on in the open air on an island—can have offered but few difficulties to Shakespeare's or Sir George Buc's scene-shifters. In fact

they had already to hand on the stage of the Banqueting House just such a setting as they required—one which had been already used, ten months before, in the Prince's Masque of Oberon by Ben Jonson, and which was used again two years later for Campion's Masque in honour of the marriage of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Campion, indeed, in his preface is at pains to explain that in his whole invention and scenic arrangement he was following "our modern writers," who "have transferred their fictions to the persons of Enchanters and Commanders of Spirits"—obviously referring to Shakespeare and his Tempest. "Before the scene," he tells us, "was made an arch trymphall, passing beautiful, which enclosed the whole works"—just like a proscenium of our day. He adds:—

The Sceane itself, the curtain being drawne, was in this manner divided: on the upper part, there was formed a skye with cloudes very artificially shadowed; on either side of the scene below was set a high promontory, one side bounded with a rocke standing in the sea, the other with a wood; in the midst betweene them appeared a sea in perspective with shippes some cunningly painted, some artificially sayling.

The lighting was by means of candelabra, candle-rings, and "fairy-lights" innumerable, hung on wires stretched from rafter to rafter of the roof; while occasionally the whole house was darkened to heighten the tragic effect. It was in view, probably, of this very performance that a complete renovation of all the lighting arrangements of the theatre was carried out in this year at a cost equivalent to some £400 at the present day.

That the piece met with approval is certain, for it was again commanded some fifteen months later, for performance before the Prince Palatine and his bride, during the marriage festivities held in the spring of 1613.

ERNEST LAW.

MARGINALIA

IN COURTEOUSLY GRANTING US PERMISSION TO USE AS OUR LEADING paper in this issue, his remarkable Study of Iago, the Hon. Robert M. LaFollette writes us "I count it as a very great honor that you consider my undergraduate study of Iago as worthy of a place in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA. I have not read it for many years and I am very sure that if I were to read it now it would come in for such a pruning as would reduce it to a mere skeleton. But if you think it worthy I will shut my eyes and say, publish it as the production of a country boy of twenty-three who had never seen a copy of Shakespeare until he was in his eighteenth year."

Books Received

374. The Soliloquies of Shakespeare. A Study in Technic. By Morris Leroy Arnold, Ph.D. Columbia University Studies in English. Cloth, pp. 117, 8vo. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Company.

375. Th. Nast. His Period and His Pictures. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Sq. 8vo., cloth, pp. 585. * * New York: Harper and Brothers.

376. Commentaries on the Law in Shakespeare, With Explanations of the Legal Terms used in the Plays. Poems and Sonnets, and Discussion of the Criminal Types Presented. By Edw. J. White. Cloth, pp. 525, 8vo. St. Louis: The F. H. Thomas Law Book Co.

377. A Resume of Forty Years, 1825 to 1865. By William Allen Butler. Edited by his Daughter, Harriet Allen Butler. Cloth, pp. 450. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

378. Shakespeare and other Papers. By John Bell Hennemann. Late Professor of English in the University of the South. Late Editor of the Sewaunee Review. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 265. (Portrait). Sewaunee, Tennessee: University Press.

379. Shakespeare. By John Masefield (Home University Library). Cloth, 7½x5½, pp. 254. London: Williams and Norgate.

375. The little lad of Landau whom his parents brought to New York City in his fifth year in 1840, lived to create with his pencil a graphic literature that spoke not only to those that could read but to those that had eyes. In some of the most vital crises of the Nation, the Civil War. The Lincoln McClellan Canvass, Reconstruction, The Tweed Ring Debacle, The Grant Greeley Campaign, The Sound Money as against the "Rag Baby" (as Mr. Nast christened it) fight, The Electoral Commission—in each of these Mr. Nast did yeoman service, and in our National Walhalla his place is safe and unique. This volume contains not only the record of Mr. Nast's startling and splendid services but about a thousand of those marvellous caricatures that went not only to every nook and corner of the Country but penetrated into every civilized corner of the world.

374. This volume comes to us with the Imprimatur of a dignified and splendid University. It bears this Imprimatur in shape of the Certificate "This Monograph has been approved by the Department of English in Columbia University as a Contribution to Knowledge worthy of Publication. A. H. Thorndike, Secretary." And yet the temptation is all

but irresistible to tract it with anything but dignity—to wonder why we do not happen upon the name of Armado, or of Holophernes, or Sir Nathaniel or Goodman Dull, or perhaps the name of the celebrated W. H. Fleming! Certainly one is tempted to set up a sort of Baconian Theory that not Mr. Morris Leroy Arnold, Ph. D., but Mr. W. H. Fleming, A. M., stands revealed? When one recalls Mr. Fleming's analysis of King Lear —ascending to the conclusion that there was no Mrs. Lear, mother to the Pelican Daughters, because Shakespeare thought there was trouble enough in the Play without her—certainly it is hard to believe that the community holds two Flemings.

Or either there two Flemings be
Or else is Arnold he.

In the renowned Treatise on Mascots presented to the monarch in Audran's (we think) Operetta, a Hoodoo is differentiated from a Mascot in that while a Hoodoo is a Hoodoo, a Mascot is A Mascot! similarly Mr. Arnold, Ph.D., labors to extent of many pages to convince us that a Soliloquy differs radically from a Monologue in that, whereas a Soliloquy is a Soliloquy—a Monologue is—A Monologue. The requirement of a Thesis for a Degree which has come to be the rule in our American Universities has reulted in some really important monographs upon Shakespeare subjects (We are speaking of course of only our own field, and have no data as to many others). The invaluable researches of Dr. Charles William Wallace which have quite required the re-writing of Shakespearean Biography grew from Mr. Wallace's hunt after some new sective field about which to build up a Monograph for a Ph.D. And our Book Reviews list many invaluable monographs, such as Mr. Thompson's "The Controversy between the Puritans and The Stage," (ante Vol. III, p. 112). "The Classical Mythology in Shakespeare by Mr. Root" (id) "which are genuine memoirs pour servir. Shakespeare relieves the conferences of Goodman Dull and his fellow brilliants by the antics of little Moth, and the Handy Andy-like blunders of Costard—that turn out always the very best things that could have been done to carry on the plot. And even Mr. W. H. Fleming's innocence is ameliorating. But Mr. Morris Leroy Arnold, Ph.D., permits us no amelioration to his readers.

378. This is a memorial volume to Dr. John Bell Hennemann—edited with a loving preface by W. P. Trent, and a biographical sketch of Mr. Hennemann by T. D. Bruce. The Shakespeare papers included are I. Shakespeare in Recent Years: His Relation to his Predecessors; II. Shakespeare in Recent Years: The Themes of Tragedy; III. The Man

Shakespeare: His Growth as an Artist; IV. The Episodes in Shakespeare's I. Henry IV. (Other papers are devoted to Southern literature of Recent Years.) While negligible as far as any new matter is looked for, they bear ample evidence to Mr. Hennemann's sagacity of selection and good taste. The immortality of Shakespeare lies in that every reader sees from his point of view some personal to himself fancy, just as, of many beholders of a splendid sunrise or sunset, each one will see for himself, a castle, a mountain, an army with banners and the like. The paper "an Episode in the Henry IV. follows somewhat, as to Talbot, Falstaff and La-Pucelle, the Chapter in Morgan's Shakespeare in Fact and In Criticism. But there is no copyright in Esthetic criticism.

376. The most comprehensive and convenient Dictionary yet of Shakespeare's Legal allusions. Mr. White's system of arrangement is take that of Cushman K. Davis though Mr. White does not call attention to the fact. That he gives the name of no prior Dictionary as his choice. Other compilers may or may not do likewise.

377. William Allen Butler added a poem "Nothing to Wear" to Literature. That classic is one of the Once Poems that the world will not willingly let die. Mr. Butler was a distinguished member of the Bar of New York City and with the usual sensitiveness of lawyers while still practising their profession, published his poem anonomously. But against his will he was detected and immortalized.

379. There's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three, nor any law against writing books about Shakespeare. In the dirth of such a law lies Mr. Masefield's opportunity. So far as anything in this book shows it might have been written at the time that Major General Stanley's military knowledge accrued, about the middle of the last century. There is so far as we can dig into this "Home University" book, only one item not familiar at the middle of the last century, to wit, that Shakespeare is buried in a grave that is seventeen feet deep. Mr. Masefield did not observe that the surface of the river Avon, not twenty feet away, is barely six feet below the pavement of the chancel of trinity Church and so leaves us to conjecture by what hydraulic machinery the grave was dug. As Dr. Halliwell Phillips mentions this silly story to be sure. But it is marvellous that Mr. Masefield should select, as the only item in his book which was not threadbare, an item which is ridiculous!

The Current Drama

[In this Department only Current Plays of worth and of more or less permanent interest are entered.]

The only noteworthy item since the last entry in this Department has been the visit to New York City of a Company of Irish Players from The Abbey Theatre Dublin. Coming to the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York City, under the patronage of Lady Gregory much as Shakespeare's Players once travelled under the guaranty of Lord Lecister or Lord Strange or Lord Derby, the town has been presented with something most naively genre and piquant. These Players are all Players! No one of them the "Star." No one of them demanding the centre of the Stage. All simple, sincere and equal in their mordant parts. The lists of Plays they present is a very long one. But all of them are new to us. The one naturally attracting the most attention is the late J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World." "The Playboy" is not a Texas Cowboy who has returned to Ireland, but a wandering native there. Coming to a wayside tavern with a "God save all here" and getting the return "God save you kindly," he sits by the fire. His coming attracts the villagers, especially the colleens, for the stranger is frank and comely. Questioned as to his reason for wandering (for the suspicion is that he may be ahead of the Keeners and so a candidate for the admiration of the village) he tells them that he has killed his father by braining him with a loy (hoe) while digging spuds (potatoes) "because he was that—there was no living wid him at all at all." There are three acts in which the young patricide becomes a hero. The colleens falling in love with him in regular course. Only when in the last act the father, who has not been killed at all, turns up, and with a whip orders his bragging son to his knees and submission, the spell is broken—the colleens will have nothing more "to do wid him," and he disappears as he came. The Irish Players are a refreshment and a success and unless they come too often will remain a memorable dramatic episode of the winter of 1911-12.

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